# MARYKNOLL

0 C T 0 B E R . . . 1940



# MARYKNOLL

MARYKNOLL is an American foundation for foreign missions, which embraces two
societies. • Central headquarters for both societies
are at Maryknoll, New York. Preparatory seminaries
for the training of priests are maintained in various
sections of the country from Massachusetts to California. • The Maryknoll Fathers were established by
the Archbishops and Bishops of the United States as

the national society for foreign missions, and authorized by His Holiness, Pius X. at Rome, June 29, 1911. • In seven large areas of the Orient—in South China, Japan, Manchukuo, and Korea—Maryknollers are laboring among 25,000,000 pagan souls. • The legal title of the Maryknoll Fathers is "Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc."; that of the Maryknoll Sisters is "Foreign Mission Sisters of St. Dominic, Inc."

# THE FIELD AFAR

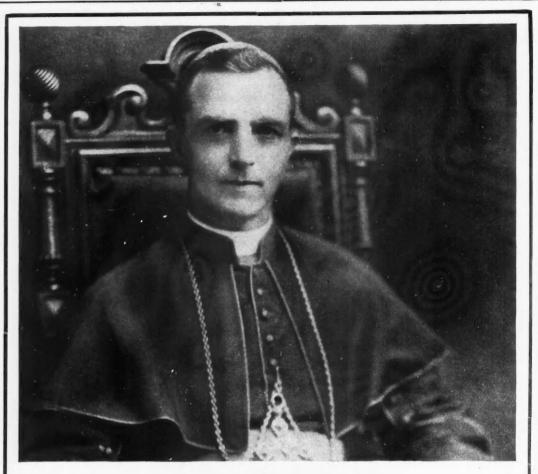
OCTOBER, 1940

VOL. XXXIV, NO. 10

Talk of the Missions	Murrett	3
Other Men's Prayers Peter C	osmon	4
Peace on the Way	Gurkin	8
Elegant Orchid	onnelly	9
The Ghost on the Bridge Rev. Leo W. Sw	veeney	10
Haven in Babylon	reless	12
Unless the Seed Die	4. J. N.	13
Editorials		14
Offspring of Faith	isidine	16
Some Tips from St. Augustine	. Ford	18
October Shadows Fall		20
Oriental Oddities	Renian	22
Trying Hard		23
Apostle at Five Sister Mary	Denise	24
Our World of Missions	nsidine	26
On the Maryknoll Newsfront	nthrop	28
Our Veliant Spangara		30

Our Cover: A new flower in the kindergarten at Fushun, Manchukuo, is welcomed by a Maryknoll Sister. Timidity soon gives way to confidence, and the gift of faith follows.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: \$1 a year; \$3 for four years; \$5 for six years; \$50 for life. Make check or money order payable to: The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll, N. Y. The Field Afar is indexed in *The Catholic Periodical Index*, found in public libraries. Entered at Post Office, Maryknoll, N. Y., as second-class matter. Acceptance for mailing at special rates of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized November 21, 1921.



# LOOKING TO AMERICA

THE following excerpt from a letter of Archbishop
John Bonzano, written while he was Apostolic Delegate to the United States some twenty years ago, is
timely in that it might have been written this year:

Perhaps it is because of my own early experience as a missioner in China that I follow with especially keen interest the work of Maryknoll as recorded in THE FIELD AFAR and elsewhere. I hope that thousands of American Catholics will be brought to a fuller realization of the share which the United States Catholic body is to take in the evangelization of the heathen world.

Today Our Holy Father can hardly look elsewhere than to America if he would replenish the

decimated ranks of his apostolic army and sustain it in its fight against the hosts of Satan. Besides, the Church in the United States must not fail to develop, in its widest expression, the missionary spirit, which is the surest guaranty that its present vigorous life shall be sustained and strengthened.

Maryknoll, the national seminary for American foreign missions, is becoming a household word in the United States. May its apostolate in mission lands endear it still more to all who have been following its progress and bring to it, for the great cause of Christ, a host of friends.

₹JOHN BONZANO Apostolic Delegate age flic tha mil pre sion Or

sides neut have med for there

Fatl Apo some zeal new hum beria new grou

Bava had and what effor today missi the

Miss As other to th

voun

diffic Bout heard

say of the I in Pu

# TALK OF THE MISSIONS

Compensation

Correction

A venerable priest who has a great knowledge of missions and mission lands caught us napping in our presentation of native-clergy statistics—a word we find difficult even to pronounce. We underestimated the number of workers in some fields, and now that we have verified the correct figures we are pleasantly surprised at the fine number of natives who embellish the ranks of the priesthood in distant lands. Indo-China alone has 1,355 native priests; India, 1,500; China, 1,957; and Africa, 358. Twenty-five years ago the clergy of the United States numbered some 10,000; today there are over 33,000. Of

sides have also praised the missioners for their strict neutrality. And the millions of Chinese who have been given food, clothing, shelter, and medical attention express touching gratitude for all done for them. So one can readily see there is much real compensation for what-

Although the war in China has done tremendous dam-

age in many ways, blessings have come out of the con-

flict, too. Chinese officials have repeatedly praised and

thanked Catholic missioners for their efforts in behalf of

millions of refugees. The Japanese have constantly ex-

pressed happy surprise, too, on finding the Catholic mis-

gioners' thorough program of helpfulness for the poor.

One Japanese general, speaking to his fellow officers,

paid unusual tribute to the Catholic Church for the work

he found being done in the northern part of China. Both

ever has been expended.

Congratulations

When we read recently that the Capuchin, Father Hermenegilde, had been named Prefect Apostolic of Kiamusze, we recalled a scene some seven years ago when his little band of zealous missioners was first en route to their

ew, distant post. At that time they were transferred from numid Kiansu to the bitter-cold mission bordering on Siberia. Since it would be impossible for them to enter the new promised land until the Sungari River was open, the group of five found cramped but welcome lodging at Maryknoll's Dairen mission. Learning another language, changing to a frigid climate, failing to receive funds from Bavaria—none of these things dampened their zeal. They had ridden suspended between two mules for three days and had walked many miles before reaching Peipingwhat were a few more difficulties? Now their valiant efforts have been recognized by Rome. Maryknoll rejoices today that the pioneers of Kiamusze favored one of its missions with their presence. Maryknoll gave hospitality; the Capuchins gave an example that heartened many a young American tyro on a much-less-difficult mission.

Mission Sunday

As a proof of their willingness to spread their Faith to others, Chinese converts of Ta-ming, China, gave, \$1,653 to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith last year.

The Bishop-Poor Soul!

"Some of our people here seem to realize the anxieties and difficulties in the life of a missionary bishop," says Bishop Bouter of Nellore, British India. "In one of our villages I heard the catechist announcing to the people: 'We will now say one *Our Father* and *Hail Mary* for Our Holy Father the Pope, for our bishop, and for the other suffering souls in Purgatory.' Splendid! Thank God, we can keep smiling."

these 10,000 in 1915, less than thirty-five per cent were native-born Americans. A comparison of these figures with the statistics given above speaks well for the growth of the native clergy in mission lands.

A Good Lesson

A Maryknoll missioner in charge of lepers at Gate of Heaven Home, South China, was telling his two hundred and forty charges of the great sufferings that are being endured by refugees in the war-torn areas not far from the leprosarium. He asked the lepers to offer

sufferings and prayers for their harassed countrymen. After these poor outcasts of society had talked it over, they came back to the priest and offered to do without food for one day so he could send that money to the war sufferers. They who had tasted suffering in the extreme were willing to take on themselves still more to aid others.

And we complain of drafts!

Builder of Junks

The Rock says that Father Harris, a Jesuit priest in Hong Kong, is the first missioner to deal in a practical way with the building of fishing junks. He had appealed to the War Charities Fund on behalf of the fishermen and met with such success that the committee in charge entrusted him with a substantial sum to replace the boats that had been sunk by bombs. Father Harris began visiting boatbuilders and inspecting secondhand junks that were for sale, and by learning the points of a good junk was able to judge the kind that should be bought for each particular need. As a result he bought with such success that the money went much farther than was originally calculated, and it was possible to help a great number of additional boatless families.

When Father Harris had expended the first grant, he applied for further help on behalf of the many families that were still in distress. The care and economy with which the first sum was handled were so satisfactory that a second was granted at once. The Fishermen's Association showed their gratitude by presenting Father Harris with an elaborate scroll, expressing their appreciation.



OTHER

MEN'S

**PRAYERS** 

**Peter Cosmon** 

In Japan one is impressed with the innate orderliness of the temples. The spick-and-span robes of the priests and priestesses are carefully starched and ironed to fall in graceful fold.

At Niamey on the Niger River, where the already tenuous green will soon blend with the sands of the Sahara, I waited in the garden for the missioner. Night approached, and in the half light I saw the French priest's Moslem cook come out from his kitchen, steal behind the house, and, kneeling toward the east, mumble the formulas of his evening prayer and make his prostrations.

Many of us fail to distinguish between being wrong and being in earnest. A plague of regret stirs in us as we contemplate, in the great non-Christian world, countless millions who are wrong in their notion of God, but our keen sympathy—often our admiration—is roused as we come upon men so strikingly in earnest in their devotion to what they believe is right.

Africa is, on the whole, a continent of child minds; and the earnestness of the black prompts many folk merely to ridicule. When the Arab, in the loneliness of the desert or in great centers under the public gaze, unrolls his prayer rug and ignores all about him as he prays, some men scoff at the black fanaticism, though they admire a little, nevertheless. In lands of cultured Moslems, such as Egypt and Syria, the unthinking Christian is most puzzled when he finds earnestness in religion, because it is more difficult in such a milieu to explain it away.

At the Amaoui Mosque in Damascus, we rented cover-

ings for our shoes and stepped within its enormous expanse. I was caught particularly by a pair we saw behind the grille in the center: a venerable old bearded sheik, the imam or priest, and a young student of twenty summers, huddled over great tomes. My companion, a native of the city, quietly called to them, and with tranquil, unhurried mien the old gentleman came to us.

"Tell the visitor from America," he said to my companion after a brief exchange, "that all of us wish very much to be friends with the Christians."

It was a remark of courtesy, it is true, and was to be interpreted in the light of the centuries-old spirit of Damascus, with its "robust desire to exterminate." Nevertheless, one felt the pulsing here of something that can easily be missed if we contemplate only the fire and passion of the Moslem, for in this old man and clear-eyed boy were deep wellsprings of earnestness.

Govadhan Shah rode with me down the Ganges by the storied pinnacles of Benares. He kept up a ceaseless chatter of Hindu lore, incidents of gods and goddesses; but, frankly, I heard what he was saying only as one does the orchestral accompaniment at a weird pageant. My eyes and mind were fixed on the multitudes which occupied the ghats, those stepped piazzas that banked the stream. Slowly, carefully, with solemn methodicalness,

The lay worshipers, each with a rosary twined in his fingers, were from all walks of life.



### OTHER MEN'S PRAYERS

men and women made their ablutions in the sacred river. Numbers sat gazing placidly over the broad water, some in a timeless silence, some chatting quietly. On the Jalsain Ghat a cremation was in progress, and the flames leaped brightly in the light of the later afternoon.

We landed and brushed through crowds that did not see us, jostled by sacred cows which sauntered about aimlessly, moved down alleys hardly six-feet wide. Beggars were plentiful, some deformed, some sick; a wretched leper, noseless, with a hole where his mouth once was, reached his hand toward me—and still haunts me with his stare.

We wound our way to the Golden Temple, through a din of gongs and drums, and then to the temple of Annapurna Devi, the wife of Shiva. Bells, incense, priests. Before the goddess in the center, the chief ceremony of evening worship was taking place.

My attention was arrested, however, not by the function but by a boy I discovered under a dim light off in a corner. He was probably fifteen and of good family, because he knew how to read. Crouched on his knees, he held in his hands a little prayer book, which he leaned over intently, devouring its pages. My eyes filled at the

picture. This was Benares and a Hindu temple, but in my mind's eye I saw him in a parish church at home, a high-school boy making a novena. Never before had I felt quite as strongly that all the world is akin: that men need only be led to the true God, and then the natural fine instincts within them—given proper play—will lead them to serve Him in truth.

In China many temples are neglected. For a while, at least, it was the vogue, an idea from Russia, to mock at worship and to tear the ancient religious culture out of life. This, however, did not reach deeply into the people, and where the means are available fine structures and decently conducted functions still exist. Back in the hills behind Amov, for instance, is a beautiful new Buddhist monastery, built by funds from Fukienese merchants, who have become wealthy at Singapore or in the Indies. It is impressive to witness the solemn ceremonies conducted by neatly clad monks in bright and well-kept surroundings. While neglect and

0

ir

a

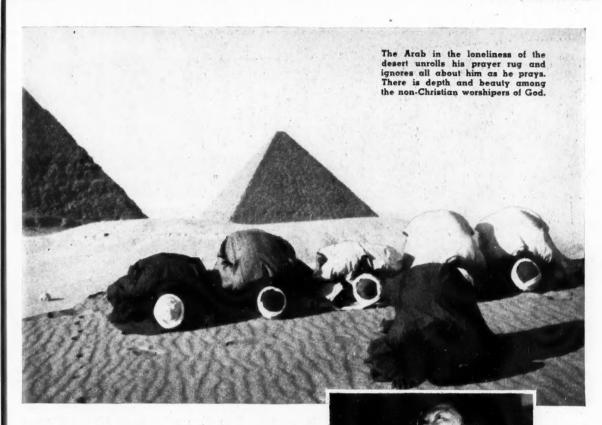
aı

Ce of

al



The Chinese are strikingly earnest in their devotion to what they believe is right.



the mummery of ignorance are to be found in many of the time-honored temples of China, a thoughtful traveler is struck not so much by the deficiencies as by the instances of depth and beauty which he discovers among the non-Christian worshipers of God.

a 7, 3, d e es ıt W at y er as ld ed ue al m

les a he

15-

nd

ous is,

ch

nd

il-

nd

nc-

in

for

ful ry,

du-

ho

at In-

to

ere-

eat-

ght

nd-

and

gly

ght.

In Japan, orderliness is more innate. People dress more neatly, the streets are cleaner, men submit more readily to discipline. This has its effect on the religious life, and one is impressed by the greater beauty of the temples, the greater decorum in the ceremonies. Kyoto is an entire city of magnificent places of worship, while there are many shrine centers which possess both an atmosphere of devotion and strong æsthetic allure.

I happened to be in Nagasaki on the first of the month and witnessed, in the Shinto shrine, the special ceremony to mark the occasion. How spick-and-span were the robes of the priests and priestesses, each carefully starched and ironed to fall in graceful folds. How intelligent and alert beneath their decorum were these religious functionaries. Some ten bowls of offerings were carried in processionally, and one could see the care in the arrangement of each—the fish among garnishings, the hen (evidently alive but tied to rest naturally in place), the vegetables, and the fruits.

It was tremendously interesting to watch the lay worshipers. There were young lawyers with briefcases, business men, families. They came and went, most making an offering, praying a moment, hurrying away. Probably

few had ever reasoned out what they did, but they were satisfying an urge to do the proper thing. Pretty indeed was the sight of a young mother, beside whom stood her husband, teaching her child how to pray. She gave her a coin, which the infant threw into the coffer. Then with beautiful naivete the little thing brought her tiny hands together as her mother instructed, held her attitude of prayer a moment, and made a dainty bow. How sweet it would have been had the prayer been an invocation to Our Lady!



Eternal peace has come to the village where 'twas formerly but a name.

# PEACE ON THE WAY

By Rev. Edward A. McGurkin

A RESOUNDING bang rocked the Village of Eternal Peace, and the windows of the little gray-brick house, topped by a wooden cross, at the corner of Muddy Lane and Broadway, recoiled concavely under the impact. The sole dweller within, Father John Coffey, looked up for a surprised moment, and then with a smile resumed his letter writing, to wit:

"Old Pop Pak, the popcorn peddler, is back at business again. You should see his popper! Rube Goldberg and Boob McNutt couldn't do better. It's an iron cyl-

inder, revolving in a frame, and equipped with a huge brass heat-and-pressure gauge. When this weird machine is loaded with its charge of corn kernels to be popped, it is closed tight and the heat applied from outside with a blowtorch. Old Pop Pak keeps his eye on the gauge, and when the zero moment draws near he whistles for his partner in business, old Ma Pak, who thereupon rushes forward with a big cage, or basket. There is an ear-splitting boom, followed by a concentrated blizzard aimed at Ma Pak and her cage. The tasty, flaky morsels are

then assembled in the cage with the aid of a broom—lest they be touched by human hands—and customers may wrap in cellophane at home."

m

no

of int Ka

wa

to

DOS

gre

oth

bui

lea

Th

clat

"E

mos

cari

"T

pro

ing

to k

ders

borr

that

heav

with

the

fello Doc

"Nu

happ

East

I

The letter writing was again interrupted, this time by the crash of breaking glass, accompanied by vitriolic expletives in a high key, all coming from the rear of the house. "Two of our neighbors have a sort of mutual-adoration club. Right now one of them has enumerated the other's various points of excellence and is going on to describe those of her immediate and remote ancestors. The other is no less ardent in elucidating her listener's points of beauty and claims she can trace that line of beauty back through a number of generations—and so on."

But things are looking up for the Village of Eternal Peace. Amid the little group of Koreans there is a church, with the Blessed Sacrament, and Mass every day, and there is a permanent parish priest. Eighty Catholic Koreans come here for the Sacraments, and the children gather to study their catechism.

Father Coffey and his tiny flock are the drop of oil on the troubled currents of this stream of life, a heaven-sent oil which promises to settle and spread out and bring the real eternal peace here, where till now it has been only a name.



8

# **ELEGANT ORCHID**

By Rev. Francis T. Donnelly

had Juliet been a Chinese maiden she might have had more reason for her query, "What's in a name?" The study of names and their origin can be a fascinating one. Unfortunately we have lost sight of the meaning of many of our Christian names. It is not so with Chinese names.

Even to one with a microscopic knowledge of the language, the study of Chinese given names can be full of interest. Any one of the boys in our Kaying seminary may have several names. At home he may be known by the name given to him when he was an infant. When he first went to school the teacher probably imposed another name, and as he progresses in his education he may take other names of his own manufacture.

uge

ine

, it

h a

and

his

shes

ear-

ned

arc

00111

cus-

this

nied

rom

nave

e of

s of

her

s no

s of

auty

on.

e of

eans

and

arish

the

their

p of

fe, a

read

e till

For example, the young lad who bursts into song each morning as he leaves the refectory after breakfast is known as "Virtuous Prosperity." That was "Jade Splendor" who just clattered down the stairs in his wooden sandals. "Upright Virtue" and "Everlasting Tranquillity" are the most painstaking of the boys when caring for their section of the garden.

"Towering Cypress" and "Bright Prosperity" are mere probationers. "Golden Splendor" may seem such to doting parents, but his name is not much help when he fails to know his lessons in class. "National Joy" is the smallest of all in stature and has the deepest voice. One wonders if he whose name might mean "Perfect Scepter" is born to rule. Ordinarily we rarely advert to the fact that our houseboy has been designated by hopeful parents as "Soaring Swan," especially as he is wont to be a bit heavy-handed in his dishwashing, and our cups appear without handles, or disappear altogether.

It is but natural that there are nicknames, too, among the boys. "The Old Man" is not the rector but a little fellow whose gravity of bearing belies his years. "The Doctor" acquired his name from a habit of leading ailing and injured newcomers to the infirmarian for treatment. "Number Seven" is the least of seven brethren. One who happens to have first seen the light of day in the Dutch East Indies is called "The Foreigner."

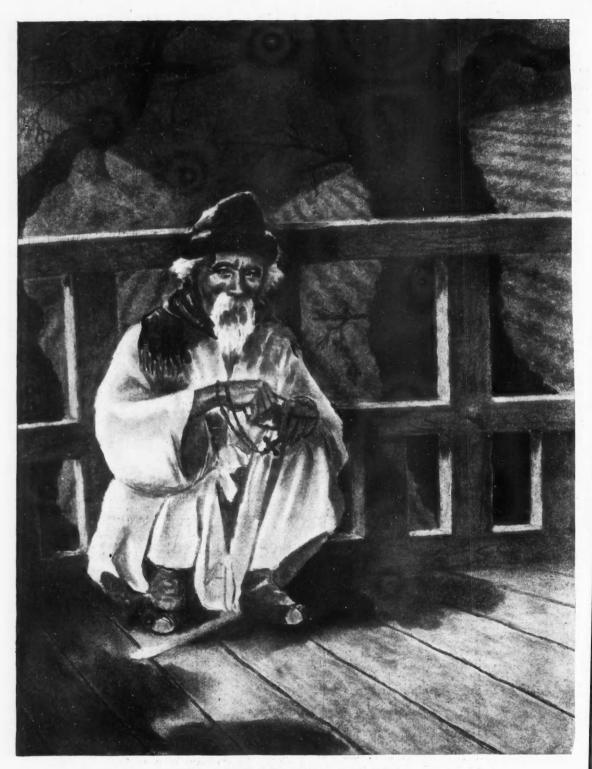


After reading Father Donnelly's article, can you name these children?

Having spent my mission years in the seminary, I know but little of the names given to girls; however, I can recall having baptized "Fragrance of the Rose," "Elegant Phoenix," "Golden Orchil," and "Beautiful Dawn."

One is inclined to speculate on the aptness of the names. Sometimes the giver of names seems inspired, at least momentarily. I'll explain my own name, so that no one can take offense. It is composed of the character meaning "you," and another meaning "a kind of whetstone used for polishing gems." There is a passage in one of the classical books where a sage refers to one of the reigning princes in such fashion. The seminarians might be considered my "gems" to be polished; but my name has also been translated, perhaps more correctly, "You Old Grindstone!"

The Holy Father's Mission Intention for October: For the Catholic laity in the missions



There was Matthias, huddled up on the bridge.

dau

kno

wor

Busi

# THE GAOST ON THE BRIDGE By Rev. Leo W. Sweeney

MIM MATTHIAS has "laid down his rice spoon." When a Korean has done that he has finished his course. The course was an unusually long one in this case, though it was run mostly around a patch of boulder-strewn land

and a poor-enough mountain hut.

A lone Christian in an isolated pagan village, Matthias kept the lamp of faith alight within him for forty years. It burned warmly and brightly, but never attracted a soul, not even his own son. It was good to meet Kim on a trip, whenever we stopped at a small mission station a few miles from his village. He would be as eager and, for all his years, as delighted to meet a priest as a child to meet Santa Claus. He bubbled over with a welcome as sincere as it was simple. I like to recall a bitterly cold day in February, some years ago, when Matthias really outdid himself at the welcoming and told me a story that has always stayed fresh in my memory.

As my catechist and I were coming down the rutted road toward the Christian village, a group of half a dozen farmers came out half a mile to meet us. Far behind them an old man was bumping his way across the furrows of a field toward the road. We were still swapping polite phrases when the oldster pushed through the group, wrapped his gnarled fingers about my wrist, and ejaculated between wheezes, "Thanks be to God! I've lived to see a priest again." He held on to me tightly.

"You'll anoint me this time? I nearly died this winter. I was going to send for the priest; but I thought, what if the priest comes out the long cold road to anoint this old sinner, and then I don't die! Have the priest come so far for nothing? That won't do! I'll wait. And I waited, and, thanks be to God, I've lived to see the priest again.

"Yesterday I was sitting alone in the house—the son was not yet back from the Kang Sye market and the daughter-in-law was over at a neighbor's—when the catechist's son, Simon, came running up to the door.

"'The priest will be at the village tomorrow; Mass the day after tomorrow'—and off he went on the run again to let the Pak and Kang families in the lower village know. It was already getting dark.

"I thought to myself: 'If I wait till tomorrow, they won't allow me to go. It's my last chance to receive the

sacraments and the anointing. The son or daughter-inlaw may come in any moment. I'll go now.' And I did that. I left at once, not by the path through the village, but out the back way, quietly, so that neither cat nor dog knew it, across the fields straight toward the road.

"When I came on to the road, my strength was already gone! Already gone, Father! This old sinner, who once could carry a bushel of millet into Kyong Kang market

without resting!

"It was almost dark, the road was deserted, not a man appeared. The wind was fierce, and I was carrying it on my bosom now [that is, facing it]. I could barely move against it, but there was no house to go into except the devil house. Go in there? After all these years! I made the Sign of the Cross. "Though I die on the road!"

I said to myself, and I passed it.

"I came along as slow as a turtle. My legs would not listen to me now, but somehow I got as far as the little bridge. You know the bridge, Father, a half mile this side of the devil house. I recognized the little bridge under my feet, but my mind was confused. Stray thoughts were coming into my mind, and fear. I was praying God not to let this old sinner die on the road without the sacraments, and the priest coming tomorrow! Whether I fell down there or sat down, I don't know. I knew only that I was cold and too weak to move a foot, and then the consciousness went out of me. When I woke up, the warm oven floor was under me. Someone was calling, 'Matthias!' I opened my eyes. Kim, the catechist, was bending over me and pouring a little rice whiskey into my mouth.

"It was a great favor from God," said Matthias, concluding fervently. "A great favor from God!"

"You don't mean the whiskey?" said I with an ill-

timed attempt at humor.

"I mean the whiskey and everything," said Matthias emphatically. "A great favor from God!" he repeated, at last releasing his hold on me. The marks of his fingers were on my wrist.

"They carried him in here about nine o'clock last night," explained the catechist, "two pagan cart drivers from beyond Stahm Fang. They had found him huddled, unconscious, on the bridge, his (Continued on page 31)



Japanese schoolboys favor the tranquillity of a peaceful landscape.

# HAVEN IN BABYLON

FATHER WILLIAM MURPHY, of Syracuse, New York, now of Kusatsu, Japan, is surprised himself at the extravagant success of a scheme he hatched recently to help put the Catholic Church on the local map. "If you open the door to opportunity when he doffs his hat," says Father, "he will not fly out of the window." "Opportunity must be grasped while the iron is hot."

It seems the streets of Kusatsu, a market town, are so adin with the bustle of life and vehicles, with clangor and conversation, and the endless flow of incidents, that the shops and houses facing this turmoil have little or no quiet recess within where a youngster may do his homework in peace and privacy. Little brother and sister are noisily in and out and all about; big brother and sister must have this place to entertain their friends; father is home from work, and mother is cooking, setting the table, and getting ready the daily hot bath. All is dither and bother and nary a thought for the lad's homework.

Wherefore it occured to the padre one day, while traversing this Babylon, that it might not be a bad idea at all to give the boys such a haven of tranquillity, a study hall where they might come when and if the spirit moved them to gladden the heart of teacher on the morrow.

No sooner thought than said—to a carpenter. What ho! A large unused room was already available. Took

no time at all to lay a wooden floor, put up partitions, install lights, desks and chairs, and hang on the door a big "Kids Welcome."

Imagine, you folks back there in America, youngsters deliberately, willingly, going somewhere to study. Incredible! sez you. But that's just one of those "opposites of the Orient" they do be talking about.

Chi

gest

Chi

and

sion

sim

acti

Chi

Stra

ing

wel

did

who

Leb

nati

Chi

From the very first day, the children have adopted the place as their own, afternoons and evenings. They observe industriously the sole penalty, silence. They come when they can, and go when they must. And so earnest are they about their lessons that of late the catechist has been enjoying himself there, too—in reality to be available for consultation when a youngster strikes a snag.

And what's more, when the pastor announced a lecture on the Catholic Church to be given in the study hall, last Sunday evening, lo an' behold ye, wasn't it filled with the elders entirely, so much so that ye couldn't get one single more in, no, not even if ye used a shoehorn.

But now the word of Father Murphy's haven has spread in and out, round and about Kusatsu, and it looks very much as if the good padre will soon have to add a few ells to his study hall, or worse—wurra, wurra—call out the carpenter for more buildings. For further misery, see his ad on page 32.



Father Lebbe and his companion adopted oriental dress and customs.

# UNLESS THE SEED DIE . . .

In 1910 a peasant boy of Belgium, Vincent Lebbe, was transplanted, before ordination to the priesthood, from his native Flemish soil to the arid wastelands of North China.

ions,

or a

sters

In-

sites

the

ob-

ome

nest

has

vail-

ture

last

the

ngle

has

ooks

dd a

-call

sery,

Ten years later Father Vincent Lebbe was one of the most influential missioners of Cathay. In 1911 he suggested the idea of opening preaching halls. Thousands of Chinese crowded these auditoriums in Tientsin, Peiping, and Shanghai, and so effective were the results that missions as far south as Hong Kong and Canton adopted similar methods.

But this was only the first of Father Lebbe's many activities. His next venture was the establishment of a Chinese Catholic daily newspaper. One concludes almost immediately, "Well, that never went through." Strange to say, it did, and after thirty years it is flourishing with a paid subscription list of forty thousand. So well did the young priest plan in advance, so thoroughly did he become imbued with each new project, that some who were at first skeptical of results realized that with Lebbe at the helm the work must succeed.

Long before the Holy See spoke on the subject of a native clergy in mission lands, Father Lebbe was making similar plans and asking European missioners to come to China and place themselves under native leadership. But

the seed must "die." So Father Lebbe gave up his Belgian citizenship and became Chinese. The name Lei Ming Yuan given to him years ago when he first entered that land was Thunder Resounding Afar. He had already given proof that the title was no misnomer, but now, as a citizen of China, he must fulfill its significance even more.

Adopting a coarse, simple habit of Chinese cloth, he gathered about him a group of young Chinese men who would become precursors of Christ—Little Brothers of St. John the Baptist. They would live a community life, but during the day they would go forth on errands of mercy to the poor, the sick, the needy, relieving human misery while they told others of the mercy and love of God. At last the seed was "dead" and from its death to the world there sprang up a flower in the Church of China that fell fragrantly in hut, in prison, in war-torn fields—wherever there were souls to be saved.

The Generalissimo of the Chinese forces saw the result of the more than four hundred Little Brothers' work. To show his appreciation, when he rode through the streets of the capital city, he had riding with him as his only guest of honor a lowly priest in a coarse habit, Father Lebbe. The Chinese saw and wondered, and their joy was great, for the "little father of the poor" had been signally honored. (Continued on page 27)

# MARYKNOLL THE FIELD AFAR

### CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA

Founded 1907 by Ecclesiastical Authority, Published Monthly,

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOO

### COURAGE

With scarcely any promise of future alleviation, the Church faced persecution for the first three centuries of her existence. She was forced to burrow into the ground to bury her dead in the catacombs and even to worship there among her slain. Her first saints, like her latest heroes, were her martyrs.

Yet it requires the same deep conviction and devoted spirit to live for Christ as it does to die for Him. Courage is the virtue needed today. We know that the Church has always possessed it, for her sons and daughters have proved it in every age by what is called the best of tests. But are the rest of us proving the same thing by the similar test of loyal, zealous lives? We shall be strange companions to the martyrs in heaven, if we are ashamed to live the cause for which they were not ashamed to die.

### TWO WORDS

Our Father! Two ordinary words said over and over again many times each day. What a prayer they might be, if the full depths of the words were plumbed!

Our—belonging to us. To all of us? Yes, to all men, be they Christian or pagan, black or white, yellow or brown. Our! Each one may claim Him for his very own. He who possesses all is possessed by all. Yet, is He? How many there are who do not know they have a part in that "Our." How many still need that possession! How few are helping others to say the "Our" that will make all men one, as Christ desired when first He breathed the words.

Ours-just yours and mine?

Ours—to possess all our lives and throughout all eternity.

Ours—by no choice of our own but only because of His gift of faith.

Ours—yet not yours and mine alone, because He wishes to give Himself to all.

Ours—to go to at any moment of the day or night, with the other things that are ours—joys and sorrows, triumphs and failures—because these will be understood in their true light by Our Father.

Father—who hath begotten us by His own creative hand.

W Se

m

ar

W

ar

de

bo

in

qu

vi

ar

A

al

pr

de

an

of

m

tis

bu

th

th

ha

of

H

Sh

im

wh

the

Ru

MI

vio

life

ser

Father—who regards as His own children all the sons of men.

Father—who not only gives the breath of life but also preserves it every instant in us all.

Father—who would call all men, not by the spirit of bondage again in fear, but by the adoption of sons, making them brothers of His own Divine Son and coheirs of the Kingdom.

Father—ever watchful of all, solicitous, tender, merciful!

That Chinese laundryman on the corner, that seemingly unimportant black you have just passed on the street, that dignified person rolling by in a cab, that poor man, this rich one, as truly as you and I, may also say, "Our Father." But why do they not? Because too many have not yet grasped the full significance of those two words, "Our Father." They contain a whole philosophy of life in themselves, and they mean that every man is God's child and your brother. Help them all to find their birthright. Let every member of the family say, "Our Father."

### VOCATION

It was a Supreme Artist who planned the stars, sculptured the clouds, divided the waters, clothed Himself with light as a garment, and walked on the wings of the wind; but these were only items in His repertoire. The exuberance of Infinity then lavished care on the snow-flake, built green mansions for the forest folk and designed their velvet fur, composed the song of the thrush, lovingly modeled the wild rose. And finally, as every artist must have a masterpiece, He fashioned an amazing creature that looks like nothing at all, but bears on its priceless soul the stamp of His own image and likeness.

There is a scintilla of the artist in us all, that traces to a heavenly heredity, but it is feeble, limited, particularized. None of us is divine, and most of us are not even Michelangelos or Shakespeares. So we must pick and choose in the exercise of our tiny talents, and it is a good step to choose correctly. Some can make a cherry

pie, and that is no inconsiderable contribution to the well-being of the world. Some can deal with sounds, weaving them into the graceful harmonies that soothe men's souls, and we call hem composers. Some can make sermons with words and we call them writers. and some can make sermons with stones and they are architects. And some can go deeper under the surface of both words and stones, dealing directly with the raw and quivering feelings and convictions of the human heart, and we call them dramatists. And some can go deepest of all, penetrating with swift precision to the inmost citadel of the human spirit, understanding and applying the divine principles that mold and bless and save the souls of men; and we call them missioners. We are all artists, in our modest measure, but there is an art of arts: it is the shaping of souls.

eative

1 the

t also

rit of

mak-

oheirs

mer-

seem-

treet.

man,

"Our

many

two

hy of

God's

birth-

ther."

sculp-

mself

of the

The

snow-

d de-

rush,

every

azing

on its

eness.

races

rticu-

e not

pick

t is a

herry

### LITTLE THINGS

There may well be a heaven-made lesson in the fact that the age which has seen the rise of the cult of bigness

has also seen the rise of a modern saint whose cult is that of littleness. We call her The Little Flower of Jesus. Her spiritual technique is known as the Little Way. She was the protegee of the Child Jesus; "His living image," a Pope called her. Yet how great are the causes which the Church has committed to her care! She is the Patroness of the Missions and the Protectress of Russia.

Missioners must find it peculiarly apt that the Church should make the Patroness of Little Things their own. Missions may look imposing in the aggregate, but individually they are usually quite small. And a missioner's life, whether at home or in fields afar, is essentially a series of little things. Little gifts built the burses that



Christ the King, as portrayed by the Chinese artist, Huang Chao-Hsung

trained and educated him for the priesthood, little duties made up his day as novice and seminarian.

Bigness seemed for once to have come into his life, perhaps, when he went aboard a great liner for his voyage over the great ocean; but it was stripped of any suggestion of the grandiose by the modesty of his destination, the little mission compound that awaited him on the other side of the Pacific. And how soon he learns that even in the Orient his life is to be once more a round of little things-little quarrels to settle, little ills to heal, little nuisances to endure. By such small coins are souls purchased for eternity, but the coins are stamped with the image of the Lamb of God.

The sacraments themselves are wed to littleness. Matter summoned to serve the purposes of the immaterial God would tain annihilate itself before Him. A trickle of water, a few whispered words, a little oil, these are the vehicles that bear Divinity as it speeds to the succor of souls down the avenues of sense. And even God Himself preserves the

same contrast between His infinity and the frail elements in which He comes to our altars and our hearts.

This may seem like a consoling doctrine, for we are inclined to feel that we can all do little things. But can we? True heroism is required to do little things, so often the same little things, day after day, and to do them consistently well for love of God. The little smile, the little sacrifice, the little prayer, the mighty chain of dedicated details! At times the forging of one small link is a torment. Yet every link must be there. With God's grace, none need be missing. In the end, the chain that seemed so painful and so futile in the making will prove the golden thread that led us to the feet of God.

-W M O



ing to us at home? What a striking spectacle are our orphanages, some sixteen hundred of them throughout Asia, Africa, the South Seas, the missionary regions of the Americas! Within their walls nestle some one hundred thousand mites snatched from the destiny of facing life's journey without a home. Equally beautiful are the safe harbors designed for those at the other end of the span of life, the asylums for the aged. Throughout the mission world there are some four hundred such institutions, sheltering approximately twenty-five thousand old men and women. Hardly a mission station but has its quota of cripples and mental defectives, its collection of physical wreckage, despised flotsam of the world.

the

the

ow.

nes.

red

ese

ina.

nds

tru-

em-

cept hel-

eak

110

olic

ria,

rcy,

evo-

ters

of

God

sion

in-

ean-

Likewise, how impressive is our network of mission hospitals. Among the six hundred such in the field, most are very simply and modestly equipped but they have a total capacity of twenty-five thousand beds. Besides, we have over twenty-five hundred dispensaries through which an annual stream of twenty million sick cases flow. We have over one hundred leper asylums caring for twelve thousand lepers, and in a number of government leper hospitals it is the Catholic Sister who is engaged as ministering angel.

An experience it would be, indeed, to visit some hundreds of these institutions stretched across Asia and Africa. In the depths of great cities, in lost hamlets of the countryside, by dint of constant repetition, our dull senses would be awakened to a true appreciation of the grandeur of this world scene. But what do these cities of misfortune convey to those who live near them?

A personal experience with a Negro soldier in the Congo, one day, gave me an answer. At Leopoldville I visited many institutions of charity, one of which was an asylum for the insane. I trailed behind a slightly built little Belgian Sister as she brought food to the men in the violent section. Here there were cells of heavy iron, the door of each fitted with a small window through which the Sister passed the meal to a table inside.

In one cell I saw against the wall the great hulk of a black who seemed more gorilla than man. As the Sister reached the dish to the table, with maniacal rage and fearful imprecations he sprang, not at the food, but at the hand of the bearer. Had he succeeded in clutching it, what a broken and twisted thing he would have made of it! I gasped in fright. The Negro soldier by my side, accompanying the Sister as her guard, (Continued on page 31)









The missioner goes along a well-trodden path, with his catechist always beside him.

## By Most Rev. Francis X. Ford

The frequent pitfall for the missioner, who is incessantly reiterating in simple language the fundamentals of our Faith, arises from the trite, hackneyed explanations of the Gospel story that must be repeated in scores of villages time and time again, especially in virgin territory where more varied deductions would be beyond the ken of the audience. This tedium begets listlessness, and the poor man begins to feel he is not doing justice to the Gospel. Saint Augustine, Bishop of Hippo, seems to speak to the missioner when he says:

"I would not have you to be disturbed because you have often seemed to yourself to be delivering a worthless and wearisome discourse. For it may very well be that it was not so regarded by him whom you were endeavoring to instruct. For my part, I am nearly always dissatisfied with my discourses!... But often the eagerness of those who desire to hear me shows that my discourse is not so dull as it seems to me...

A catechist of South China, his wife and baby



"If it be distasteful to us to be repeating over and over things that are familiar and suitable for little children, let us suit ourselves to them with a brother's, a father's, and a mother's love, and when once we are linked to them thus in heart these things will seem new even to us. . . . Is it not a common occurrence that, when we are showing to

those who have never seen them before certain lovely expanses, whether of town or countryside, which we, through often seeing already, have been in the habit of passing by without any pleasure, our own delight is renewed by their delight at the novelty of the scene? And the more so, the closer the friendship between them and us; for in proportion as we dwell in them through the bond of love, so do things which were old become new to

us also. . . . How much more, then, ought we to rejoice when men now approach to study God Himself; and how much more ought we to be renewed in their newness, so that, if our preaching as being a matter of routine is somewhat dull, it may grow interesting because of our hearers for whom it is all new."

A very common objection, when missioners get together and the more enthusiastic among them propose some detailed outline of instruction for adoption, is a refrain often heard in chorus: "That's all very well for your educated city people, but what about my poor farmers who cannot read or write?" It is truly disheartening, when breaking ground in a region, to discover that literally no one can read or write and to realize that the



missioner must somehow or other go over the whole complicated course of theology that is concentrated in our catechism and make it as plain as possible to them. "Born Catholics" in western lands have had fifteen or more years of school life in which to acquire the truths of religion gradually and according to their capacity; in China and other mission countries it is a problem to present the multitudinous necessary facts about God and the soul in cine is not to be applied to all, although to all the same love is due, so also love itself is in travail with some, becomes weak with others; is at pains to edify some, dreads to be a cause of offense to others; stoops to some, before others stands with head erect; is gentle to some, and stern to others; an enemy to none, a mother to all.

"There are also some who come from the ordinary schools of grammar and rhetoric, whom you would dare

to class neither among the illiterate, nor yet among the very learned.... When, therefore, these men, who seem to surpass all other men in the art of speaking, come to be made Christians, we ought to convey to them more fully than to the illiterate an earnest warning to clothe themselves in Christian humility and learn not to despise those whom they know as shunning more carefully faults of character than faults of diction; and also that they should not even presume to compare with a pure heart the trained tongue which they had been wont even to (Continued on page 22)

Catechists, both men and women, spend themselves daily in their task of presenting in a new light the lessons of God's love.



a few months of instruction. And if, as in so many villages in China, there are a handful who are educated and the rest without schooling, the complication increases.

ely

we.

of

re-

And

and

the

to to

ght to

ore

, so

r of

ter-

n it

ners

nong

in-

ften

for

t my

" It

ound

y no

t the

To show that the problem is no new one in the missions, and thus console the priest in his misery, let us see what Saint Augustine comments:

"I can testify to you from my own experience that I am differently stirred according as he whom I see before me waiting for instruction is cultivated or a dullard, a fellow citizen or a stranger, a rich man or a poor man, a private citizen or a public man having some official authority, a person of this or that family, of this or that age or sex, coming to us from this or that school of philosophy, or from this or that popular error, and in keeping with my own varying feelings my discourse itself opens, proceeds, and closes. And since the same medi-





ceived a cable from Rome announcing his appointment as Consultor to the Pontifical Biblical Commission—the first American ever chosen.

Father Callan and Father McHugh have come daily to Maryknoll for more than twenty-five years, to conduct classes in Theology, Philosophy, and Sacred Scripture. Besides teaching these courses, the two priests care for a thriving parish at Hawthorne, New York. They likewise edit the *Homiletic and Pastoral Review* and are coauthors of a number of well-known books dealing with scriptural, theological, and other religious subjects. Practically all the Maryknollers laboring in the Far East have studied under these learned Dominican Fathers, and all join the Home Knoll in congratulating Father Callan.

Before this year's group of novices left Bedford for the Seminary, they were treated by Father Mahar, of East Cambridge, to an unusual bus trip, in the nature of a pilgrimage to places in Massachusetts which touched upon the life and activities of Maryknoll's cofounder, the late Bishop Walsh. One of the novices, writing of the excursion, says:

Coming into Cambridge we passed Saint Peter's Church, where the late Father General was baptized. We then drove on past Harvard College, where he studied, to Ellery Street, the home of Mrs. Hughes, his sister. After a short visit there, we turned toward Brighton—to the seminary where Father General's missionary ideals were created. On the way we passed Saint Columbkille's Church, whose rector, Monsignor Tracy, was Father General's predecessor in the Boston Office of the Propagation of the Faith. We stopped at the rectory to greet Monsignor Tracy.

Then came Lake Street and the seminary. It was in these surroundings that the remote preparations for Maryknoll and all we hold dear were begun. We thought of Father Andre and his influence over our cofounder, and of the many missionary talks they had together there.

Across Commonwealth Avenue, we came to Boston College, Father General's Alma Mater, and then down to Washington Street to the Cathedral, and to the site of the old office of the Propagation of the Faith.

We should like to have lingered at this spot so intimately and significantly associated with Father General, but it was getting late, so we hastened on past Chinatown and arrived home shortly after six. The day will live long in our novitiate memories. It brought us closer to Father General and to Father Mahar, who so thoughtfully made the pilgrimage possible.

October at Maryknoll brings out nature lovers to the woods, the last contingent of the apple-pickers' brigade, and the paint squad to repair fences ere wintry winds shall blast.









# **ORIENTAL ODDITIES**

TRAVELERS in China are humorously amazed to see Chinese boys togged out with earrings, bracelets, and necklaces. Our own "regular fellas" would make mockery of such "doodads." But the Chinese boy does not wear trinkets to enhance his good looks. He wears them—shush!—as a disguise to fool the evil spirits.

The bad demons who cavort along the airways are not interested in the little lassies of China. What better protection, then, could the boys have than to appear as girls? So the boy goes through his precarious babyhood masquerading with earrings and bracelets. The bad demons must think China a queer place where, apparently,

there are very few boys!

In the olden days boys were dressed in robes similar to those worn by Buddhist priests, to seek the protection of the gods. Another practice was that of begging from door to door for pieces of colored cloth, from which a dress was made for the youngster. This robe was called "the dress of a hundred families"; a gown composed of gifts from multiple good sources would bring safety to the wearer. This custom has been streamlined: today a tassel of colored threads begged from neighbors may be worn at the shoulder as a substitute.

Spirits that steal souls of children are often thought to be the wraiths of girls who have died unmarried. They are not considered human, since they cannot be reborn in the world beyond! Hence, they wander here below seeking to steal boys' souls, which will enable them to be reborn as male children with another chance to regain their human rights. Their power lasts for only a hundred days after a boy's birth. In order to avoid the attacks of these spirits, old shoes are burned beside the baby's crib every day for a hundred days following birth: a spirit smoke screen! A fish net also may be used as a protective curtain. Hog's blood is used to strengthen the net cords when they are woven, since evil spirits are frightened by blood. As the meshes of the net give the illusion of many eyes, the spirits are discouraged from wickedness by the presence of so many alert guardians!

Even nominal adoption into another family may be resorted to in order to prevent evil happening to the boys. Missioners occasionally find, when baptizing a family of adults, that the boys carry the name of some other family. This is called "dry adoption," since it is without the hereditary title to the reservoir of family wealth. The rite of dry adoption consists in the true father presenting the foster father with a hundred small loaves to signify provision for a hundred years. The child's "milk name" is changed, and a blue string, weighted with coins, is hung from his neck. The number of coins is increased by one each year until he is sixteen, at which age he is supposed to have crossed the dangerous barriers of child life.

The peach tree is the symbol of immortality. Peach rits strung on cord or wire are used as amulets to be at-

tached to the ankles of a child. By virtue of the peach stone, longevity is conferred upon the wearer. A cradle of peach wood is therefore most precious and efficacious. Lacking this, pine wood is quite acceptable. This tree is evergreen—a symbol of longevity.

To a race so fond of children and so anxious to protect them from harm, the Gospel narrative of Christ's love for little children is very consoling. He blessed them; He cautioned against scandalizing them; He pictured their simplicity as the norm for eternal salvation; and He Himself, when He had died to make all men His children, returned to His Mother's arms like a little child.

### SOME TIPS FROM ST. AUGUSTINE

(Continued from page 19) prefer... thus they will not smile contemptuously if they happen to observe that some ministers of the Church either fall into barbarisms and solecisms when calling upon Almighty God, or do not understand and badly punctuate words which they are pronouncing."

The matter of mispronunciation is a tender point among poor missioners, as dialects vary from town to town in China, and no one can be so snobbish about diction as a half-baked scholar. As Saint Augustine points out, they are neither illiterate nor learned who are captious in such matters, but their presence in the audience sometimes makes exchange of thought much more annoying. Incidentally, it is consoling to know that Saint Augustine himself in his discourses spoke with a Punic "brogue," and his critical students in Milan must have nettled him a bit about it.

As the whole treatise of Saint Augustine concerns catechizing, it needs to be quoted entirely to do justice to the bishop's thoroughness of treatment. He even carefully gives examples of instruction to the various classes of catechumens; and, in reading them, we discover a practical side and deep insight into human nature of the common sort, of which his loftier mysticism in other works gives no inkling.

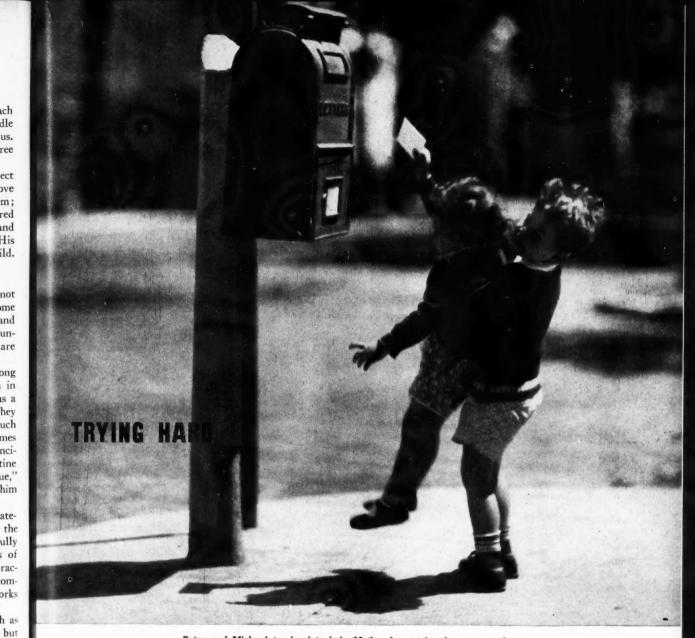
We are apt to think of the Fathers of the Church as battling for God on the grand scale, as they did, but Saint Augustine shows he can stoop to the simpler problems of instructing catechumens with as sure a touch from the depth of his own experience. As a catechumen himself for half his life, he saw the Church from the outside as well as from within; as a schoolteacher for many years, he based his method of instruction on experience with minds of many nations; teaching in a language not his own, he paralleled the missioner's situation; and in manifesting throughout his treatise the need of warm interest in the catechumens and appreciation of their peculiar difficulties, he arouses the missioner to renewed efforts to better his work. While upholding the Chair of Saint Peter, he has won a niche in the missioner's heart as the patron saint for catechists.

mig

pat

hay

old



Peter and Michael try hard to help Mother by posting her sponsor letter.

While we hope to look for sponsor support from all the little Peters and Michaels when they reach man's estate, we are satisfied to know that their precious prayers are just now effecting another kind of sponsorship.

The mission ideal is being planted in many a youngster today by parents who realize the eternal values of such work. One mother writes: "I have often prayed that some day I might have a son who would follow in the path of the Maryknoll missioners. Well, I have the son now, but he is only five months old, so I have a long time to wait and pray.

pler sure

ls a

urch

ool-

ruc-

hing

ner's

the

ecia-

one:

ding

mis-

Meanwhile, the least I can do is to enroll his name—as we did our little Joan—as a helper in the cause, and send an offering for him, as sponsor support, one day a month. God has surely been good to us."

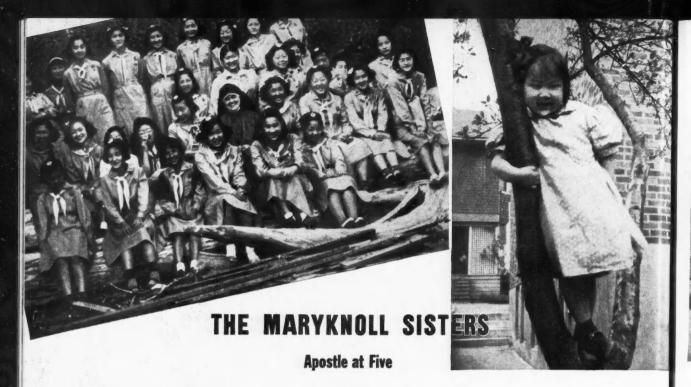
# THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, Maryknoll P. O., New York Dear Fathers:

You may send me a monthly reminder for the support of a Maryknoll missioner for .......... days of each month. I understand that I may discontinue this whenever I wish.

NAME .....

### ADDRESS .....

One who supports a Maryknoller for 30, 20, 10, or 5 days (or even one day) each month, at \$1 a day, is a Maryknoll Sponsor and shares in the spiritual privileges of the Society. Maryknoll priests offer their Masses each Friday exclusively for all their benefactors.



**O**NE of our kindergartners, Chiyoko, sick with the measles, was crying inconsolably for Mamma, while her distracted father struggled to convey to her the idea that Mamma had died and would not come back again.

Just then two Maryknoll Sisters dropped in to offer their condolence. Chiyoko and her little brother, also down with the measles, were both Maryknoll kindergartners. Chiyoko brightened up a bit when she saw the Sisters, but she still wanted her mamma. All hands having tried unsuccessfully to explain where Mamma was, the father said, "She has gone to Maryknoll-in-the-Sky, where she is very happy and will never be sick and never

cry any more."

At last Chiyoko was satisfied, and she stopped crying. Poor little sick baby! She did not realize that it was she who had sent Mamma to heaven. She it was who taught her mother—and her father, too—each little prayer she learned at kindergarten. Everything she heard about God and heaven she had told them each day. Still, when Chiyoko's mother was sent to a Seattle hospital, critically ill with ptomaine poisoning, we had little hope of baptism for her, since we knew that she and her husband were strict Buddhists. To everyone's surprise, she sent for Father Tibesar and asked for baptism just a few hours

before she died.

When we called at the house to offer our sympathy, we found that the father had erected the usual pagan shrine with food and joss sticks. On the highest point was a lovely picture of Our Lady, which we recognized as one that had been given to Chiyoko at school. ch a ta F is p ir S

fr

no hi

he

T

011

scl

th

U

to

the

asl

Jaj

The evening before the funeral, the remains were brought to the church, where a large gathering of Buddhist relatives and friends attended the services. The rosary was recited, and the prayers for the dead were said in Japanese by Father Tibesar. Then a long procession, led by Father Boesflug and the Sisters, filed past the casket, sprinkling holy water as a last gesture of blessing and reverence. This ceremony at the obsequies of Japanese Catholics replaces the Buddhist custom of offering incense at the temple in honor of





From the simple beginnings of a kindergarten in 1920, the Seattle mission has grown to a modern eight-grade school, with fine bodies of adult and youth organizations, and a growing number of converts to the Faith.

the deceased.

ne

od

en

ly

m

re

or

rs

er

er

th

est

ur

at

ol.

he

ch,

ist

rv-

the

ap-

ng

ınd

in-

of

ony

lics

er-

of

It is now twenty years since the Maryknoll Sisters came to Seattle. Naturally, our first friends, first converts, first boys and girls, all hold a special place in our hearts and in our prayers. Every new contact, every new blossoming of the Faith in their souls, is a new joy. It is a special pleasure to have as a pupil the little tot who is here smil-

ing so sweetly from her cherry-tree perch—Georgia Paula Suzuki, daughter of one of the first converts of the Seattle mission.

Last year we had the great happiness of witnessing the baptism of Mr. Seita Honda, one of the very first friends of our mission. To Mr. Honda we are grateful, not only for his direct help to the mission, but also for his cooperation in giving employment in his lumber business to some of our graduates, many of whom, no matter how well qualified, often find it hard because of racial prejudice to find work of any kind.

Rendering efficient service in Mr. Honda's office is Thomas Kobayashi, one of the first children who attended our kindergarten. We had neither elementary nor high school at the time, so Thomas went on to public school, then to public high school, and finally to Washington University. All through these years Thomas has worked to convert his family and many others. Last year he saw the last of his six brothers and sisters baptized. He now asks prayers for the conversion of his parents.

In May of this year one of our alumnae, Miss Mary Gemma Kawamura, won the distinction of being the first Japanese girl to graduate from Providence Hospital Training School. So excellent was her record that two more of our girls have now been accepted for training. Miss Kawamura was a pupil in the days of one of our early Superiors, Sister Mary Gemma, whose name she took at baptism.

"And a little child shall lead them" might almost be taken as the motto of Maryknoll-in-Seattle, where East meets West to find the way, as did Chiyoko's mother, to "Maryknoll-in-the-Sky."

### I A MISSIONER?

There's no way out of it! Every Catholic has a role to play in saving souls, either working in fields afar, or helping at home.

### By Proxy?

Yes, by sponsoring a Maryknoll Sister, who will work for souls in your name. One dollar will sponsor a Sister for one day.

> Address: Mother Mary Joseph Maryknoll Sisters' Motherhouse Maryknoll P. O., N. Y.

# **OUR WORLD OF MISSIONS**

HERE, over the world, are our American missioners? At the beginning of 1940, the entire body of American priests, Brothers, and Sisters engaged in both home and foreign missions totaled some 3,500. Of these, 1,310 were engaged in non-Christian missions overseas, 943 in Christian missions overseas, and something over 1,250

in home-mission work.

It is interesting to note that of the 1,310 missioners among non-Christians, over one half (671) are in China. Still more interesting, however, is the whereabouts of the other half.

Next to China, India has the largest number of American missioners, with 176 priests, scholastics, Brothers, and Sisters. Africa comes third, with 106, though, since Africa is a continent rather than a country, we find this number distributed in 16 different countries or colonies.

India and Africa between them have approximately a quarter of our missioners to non-Christians. The remaining quarter are distributed through a miscellany of countries—Alaska, Japan, Korea, Manchukuo, the pagan portions of the Philippines, Oceania, and Western Asia. Thus our American missioners are

found in practically every portion of the non-Christian world.

Maryknollers among non-Christians numbered 309 at the beginning of 1940 and thus represented 23 per cent of the whole, slightly less than a quarter of America's missioners. The 1940 departure has brought this Maryknoll contingent to 325, while 215 Maryknollers in Christian missions overseas and in the home missions bring the total of the Maryknoll family in mission work to 540.

The provinces of the Society of Jesus in the United States contribute the largest number of missioners from any one of America's religious orders. Besides 188 priests, scholastics, and Brothers in non-Christian missions, the Society provides 256 for Christian missions overseas and for the home missions. The Franciscans are next among the orders of men, while five other religious institutes of men supply between 30 and 45 each. There are 16 institutes of men which furnish 25 or less. Some 30 institutes

of American Sisters are represented overseas, five of which have sent out 30 or more members.

This is the reckoning in this year of Our Lord 1940. The havoc that sweeps Europe promises to throw upon the Church in America the principal burden of the mission task. We can feel that we have made a good start

in mission work, but we must not forget that our American missioners are but five per cent of the Church's body of 50,000 engaged in the overseas apostolate. In our prayers and in our Catholic charity, we must remember the remaining 95 per cent.

M

B

gr

ha

TI

Ira

La

thu

sig

ma

ple

Tu

pro

the

etic

the

pati

not

for

aisle

Soci

pray

sons

blos

"WHI

Indi

she

mun

has

their

leges

conti

cessfi

have

Pacif missi

Guer

obser tions

for t

Whit

will |

A

SILVER YEARS Twenty-five years of earnest striving builds up a mountain of accomplishment which is beautiful indeed under its silver sheen. Bishop Cuthbert O'Gara of the American Passionists in China is a jubilarian this year, and we unite with him and his confreres in the rejoicing. He completes a quarter of a century in the priesthood, the greater portion of which time has been spent in the missions of Eastern Asia.

The Passionists were among the first communities of the United States

ties of the United States to go overseas. They have a difficult field in Central China, where hardships are accentuated by isolation and by as yet paltry returns in the harvest of souls. Mary-knollers who labor with the Passionists in the Chinese vineyard have always admired their fine, generous spirit and their prevailing good humor. Three of the company have paid by violent deaths for the privilege of laboring in the ranks of the Shenhow mission, but dismay has never gained entry to the Vicariate of Yuangling.

Bishop O'Gara was among the first to cross the Pacific from America. Finely molded and keen, he has known how to face his task of leadership intelligently, with delicacy, dignity, and zeal. It was quite fitting that on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination he acted as consecrator for Bishop Gerard Herrero, a Spanish Augustinian named to govern the neighboring mission of Changteh.



Most Reverend Cuthbert O'Gara, C. P. Vicar Apostolic of Yuanling, Central China.

MISSIONARY GENTENARY The fourth centenary of the foundation of the Society of Jesus

is a missionary event. Today the Jesuits, along with the Franciscans, stand at the top of the list as heaviest contributors of mission personnel to the world Church. Each of over thirty provinces of the Society throughout Christendom is required to send a portion of its priests and Brothers overseas. Some of these provinces, pressed by great tasks at home, provide relatively few men, but with others this is not the case. One of the Belgian provinces has over one third of its member in either India or Africa.

n

S

rt

re.

ır

re

1e

0

18

rs

y,

e-

ve

n-

a

h-

n-

en.

ıra

sts

his

ith

in

m-

en-

the

ich

the

ere

mi-

ites

tral

and

ary-

iese

irit

om-

of

but

of

cific

nwo

leli-

the

con-

gus-

of

l.

Each of the seven provinces in the United States has a field overseas, either for the conversion of non-Christians or for the care of needy and backward Christians. Thus we find American Jesuits in Alaska, China, India, Iraq, the Philippines, British Honduras, and Jamaica. Large contingents also labor in our home missions, and thus at the beginning of 1940 some 450 had mission assignments.

The centenary prompts all of us to look back to the Jesuit beginnings, and there we note that the vow of the first little group which gathered with Ignatius at Montmartre above Paris was a missionary vow. The band pledged itself to go to the Holy Land to convert the Turks. When at Venice they found this impossible, they proceeded to Rome and asked the Holy Father to send them "whether to Turks or other unbelievers, or to heretics, or schismatics, or anywhere among the faithful."

The request was quickly granted in the assignment to the Indies of Saint Francis Xavier, the "divinely impatient one" whose tremendous achievements set a level, not only for all future apostles of his own Society, but for the entire body of the Church's missioners down the aisles of time.

Maryknoll offers its heartfelt congratulations to the Society of Jesus on this beautiful occasion. Knollers will pray now as always that God will touch the deeds of all sons of Loyola with that grace which gives them bright blossoms and fair fruit.

"WHITE CROSS OF GLADNESS" When in 1840 Mother Theodore Guerin arrived in

Indiana, she had the prospect of hardy pioneering and she was not disappointed. She built well and her community, with its headquarters at St. Mary-of-the-Woods, has prospered. The Sisters of Providence conduct at their center one of the finest of America's Catholic colleges for women. Mother Guerin's spirit of pioneering continues despite the external refinements which the successful institutions of the community throughout America have assumed. Best proof of this is found across the Pacific, in China and its city of Kaifeng. There in the mission station of the Sisters of Providence, Mother Guerin's apostolate against odds is found in the primitive observance. When community members and the generations of former students gather at St. Mary's in October for the pageant of the century which is passed, "The White Cross of Gladness," the little band in Kaifeng will be absent, but all the thoughtful ones at the home hearth will recall that at their outpost overseas there exists in its finest form that life of struggle and sacrifice which is the surest pledge of spiritual vitality. Mother Guerin's community is still proudly missionary.

confidence in China Chiang Kai-shek and his government officials heve been able to observe the spirit of missioners, Catholic and Protestant, in the face of a suffering people. It is encouraging to find that the portrait of Christian charity which has been drawn has brought a vote of confidence from leaders who at one time were hostile.

Madame Chiang Kai-shek addressed a gathering of missioners at Hankow some months ago. In a struggle such as China's there cannot but be political implications in everything which is said and done. Nevertheless it is heartening to find that the aim of missioners truly to serve the peoples of the earth is recognized.

"The Generalissimo and I feel that no words which we could speak sufficiently express our debt of gratitude to the missions all over China who have been a help to the distressed and the best of friends to the hundreds of thousands of refugees.

"But, noteworthy as your work has been, I want to add one thing. The most effective and worth-while contribution you have made to my country is not so much in the work itself as in the spirit in which you have worked. Why do I say this? A few years ago our own Chinese people were very much against Christianity, and the Government promulgated a law whereby religion was forbidden to be made a compulsory study in any school.

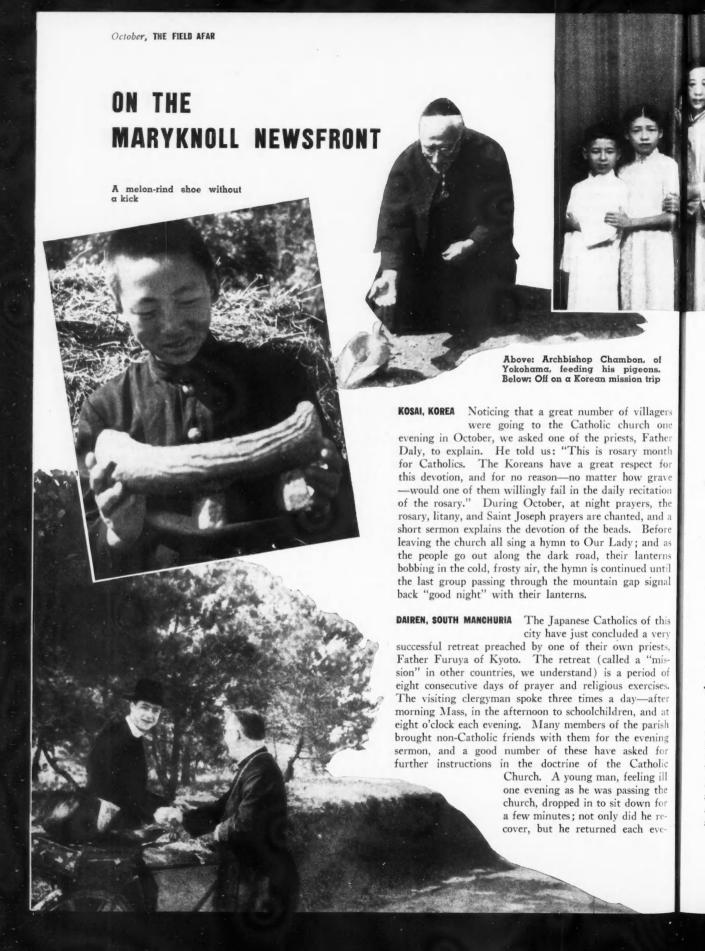
"I am very glad to tell you that those who criticized you and criticized Christianity in years past are the ones who are—what shall I say?—vociferous?—articulate now in their praise of Christianity. You have won these men over by the work you have done and by your spirit.

### UNLESS THE SEED DIE

(Continued from page 13) When Chinese Reds descended upon the city of Loyang early in the spring of this year, four of the Brothers, companions of the zealous priest, were killed, and Father Lebbe, then sixtyfour years old, was taken prisoner. The poor foodmore likely the lack of food, for Father Lebbe had accustomed himself to the difficult fare of his Chinese brethren-developed in him a malady which caused intense suffering. When the captors saw that their prisoner was near death, they put him outside to die. Friends hurried the worn-out priest to a hospital; but Thunder Resounding Afar had spent himself to the extreme, and his mortal death followed on the next day, the feast of Saint John the Baptist. Father Lebbe planted wisely and well, and watered the seed with his own blood. Heaven's barns will be filled to overflowing with his great harvest of souls.

This simple story of a great soul was told to me by Maryknoll's Father Cotta, who for many years labored with Father Lebbe in North China.

—A. J. N.





Above: A Catholic family of South China. These twelve children are all students of Catholic schools. Two of the boys are studying for the priesthood, and the whole family is interested in various phases of Chinese Catholic Action.

p

gers

one

ther

onth

for

rave

tion

the

nd a

fore

d as

erns

intil

gnal

this

very

ests,

mis-

of

ises.

fter

l at

rish

ing

for

olic

ill

the

for

re-

ve-

Even peddlars in South China know that the Maryknoll Sisters of Loting will not refuse refuge to one more abandoned waif.

ning thereafter and is now under instruction. Before leaving Dairen, Father Furuya gave a public lecture in a school hall on "Japanese Culture," emphasizing the part the Catholic Church has played therein. More than three hundred attended the retreat exercises.

PHEASANTS' HIDEOUT, S. CHINA

Father Duffy of the Chongpu mission came here recently on an errand of mercy. The teeming rain which drenched this locality for the last few days did not deter the Father, who had been called to administer the last rites of the Church to a dying grandmother. The priest quieted the hysteria of several women who were gathered about the bed of the ancient one, and his comforting ministrations brought relief to the sufferer. Other sick people were awaiting the same blessing in the next village, and Father Duffy had to hurry along the slippery rice paddies and over the old rickety bridge. His guardian angel and Saint Christopher were especially mindful of him, for just after he crossed the bridge the roaring stream tore at the stone foundations and carried the viaduct away.

TAANCHUK, KWANGSI Natives of this village welcomed back recently Father John Mc-Loughlin of this mission, who has been in the outlying rural districts for some days. Father McLoughlin reports that he found the country peaceful and a group of farmers—thirty in all—sufficiently prepared for baptism. The ceremony was performed during the priest's visit. Last year a similar group was baptized at the same place, and it was that group which told others of the Church and planted the seed of faith. When this year's class asked that a teacher be sent to instruct them, they said

to Father McLoughlin: "We have always heard that no end of harm will befall one who joins the Catholic religion, so we watched these people after their baptism. They have been well and happy and have given only good example. We want to be baptized, too."

### EIGHT POINTERS ON THE MARYKNOLL MISSIONS

- Maryknoll missioners in Eastern Asia number 472.
- 2. They labor in seven territories.
- Four of these territories—Kongmoon, Kaying, Wuchow, Kweilin—are in South China.
- The three others—Kyoto in Japan, Heijo in Korea, Fushun in Manchukuo—are in the north.
- These seven territories embrace 142,000 square miles, twice the area of the New England States.
- The seven contain 25,000,000 non-Christian souls, over three times the population of the New England States.
- 7. They count 70,742 Catholics.
- 8. Annual adult converts number approximately 7,500.

# **OUR VALIANT SPONSORS**

THE splendid spirit in which Maryknoll sponsors continue their support of our missioners is always a heartening encouragement in our work. A Detroit young man who has to make many sacrifices for his missioner writes: "I heard a priest say recently that the Communists contributed more towards the support of their cause in the Spanish Civil War, in the space of several months, than the Catholics of the nation contributed towards the support of the foreign missions in an entire year.

"Surely this condition should not be tolerated. The sponsor idea could and should be popularized, especially among our Catholic youth wage-earners. There is no good reason to fear that they would not receive the matter of mission support in the same spirit and inseparable from their own parish support. And we know that, next to the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass itself, there is no more effective means of drawing down God's blessings upon our national life than the sending of a large force of missioners to the foreign fields."

AND OTHERS WRITE: "Your acknowledgment of my little offering is always very punctual, and

I want to thank you for enrolling me as a Member of Maryknoll. That is quite an honor!"

—California

"A friend handed me a copy of THE FIELD AFAR, which I read with much interest. I spent several years in China and had the pleasure of meeting Maryknoll Fathers in both Hong Kong and Manila. I am enclosing one dollar and should like to be enrolled as a Maryknoll Member for one year. I should also like to ask how one goes about sponsoring a missioner in China. The missioners are doing wonderful work, and I should feel it a great privilege to help in my small way." —Wyoming

"On the Sunday the Maryknoll priests visited our parish, my husband and I attended the same Mass. I enrolled as a Member of Maryknoll, receiving your magazine, The FIELD AFAR. My husband suggested that instead of his enrolling in the same thing, we both con-

tribute a dollar a month towards the support of a missioner. We will send two dollars monthly."—Brooklyn

FAVORS RECEIVED Long after our twenty-one young missioners said goodby to us at Maryknoll, help for their trip to Asia continued to come. We are especially grateful to J. A. S. whose generous contribution must remain anonymous. May God, in whose honor it was given, bless the donor with the hundredfold. Additional offerings for the departants have come from New York, Massachusetts, California, Arizona, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, and Illinois.

Mrs. H. J. L. of Michigan asks us to acknowledge publicly a favor she received—the recovery of her infant child—through the intercession of Saint Jude.

SCHOOL COOPERATION A boy from Indiana writes: "Much—or I might say, all—of our mission spirit we owe to our pastor, Father B., and our teacher, Sister D. She really makes you love the missions. We didn't know they existed before she came. She encouraged us not to forget the missioners during vacation, so we made Friday our Mission Day. That means Mass, Holy Communion, and a visit that day.

"We're going to give a minstrel show—we're going to write it ourselves. We wrote one before this year, and Father said it was swell. Pray for us, Father."

From St. Patrick's School, Milwaukee, comes this charming story from a Sister:

"Nancy would rather take a beating than do arithmetic or anything that has numbers in it. One day, looking over her work book, I discovered that Nancy was exactly thirty pages behind, and so the next day she and I had a little heart-to-heart talk after school. I had already told the children how they could make everything they did during the day a prayer. And so my little Nancy edged up to me and said: 'Sister, 'member what you told us about our work and how it could be just like a prayer?

Well, I am going to do all those pages I missed, and I am going to do it all for our missioners.'

"Before the end of the week, her promise had been fulfilled. Every once in a while I would pass by her desk as a little sign of encouragement, and when I complimented her on her progress she would smile her broad Irish smile and say: 'Sister, all for our missioners!'"

Little gems such as these bring strength to tiring missioners, and inspire them to greater efforts in the almost hopeless tasks they face daily. These mighty prayers by little mites must have an almighty value,

Miniature missioners of St. Patrick's School, Milwaukee



### THE MONTH'S PRIZE LETTER

Dear Fathers:

A few weeks ago a Maryknoll priest spoke at our church, and after listening to him I became a Member of Maryknoll and felt very righteous until I received your magazine. After reading it I realized that I was growing mission-minded and I tried and tried to figure a way to include Maryknoll in my budget, even though a dollar a year is not "a drop in the bucket" where so much is needed. I couldn't do a thing with my budget, and that is why I decided to solicit a nickel a week from a group of girls with whom I work.

Today I signed up twenty-two girls who promise to continue this small contribution weekly, in order to sponsor a missioner one day a week.

I was planning to treat myself over Labor Day weekend, but now I am going to save the money and buy the new Maryknoll book about Father Donovan. After I read it I shall circulate it in the office, together with "A Modern Martyr." There might be a vocation there, and perhaps the thrilling story of Theophane and this new martyr, Father Donovan, will bring it to light. I cannot do very much myself, but I am going to try to make others mission-minded. -H. McA., Massachusetts

### **DEPARTED FRIENDS**

Please remember in your prayers the souls of these Maryknoll friends who have recently died:

Please remember in your prayers the souls of these Maryknoll friends who have recently died:

Rt. Rev. Msgr. John J. Hogan; Rev. Wm. F. Sheehan; Rev. Aloysius Malone; Miss Nellie Haley; Mrs. Mary Sheridan; Mr. John Layden; Mrs. Mary Talley; Mrs. Boardman; Mrs. R. Woodcock, Mrs. S. Harn; Mr. R. Blackwell; Mr. C. Goetz; Miss D. Whalen; Mrs. M. Branagan; Miss G. McCready; Mr. J. Mara; Miss K. Boyle; Mr. J. Casey; Mr. V. Conforti; Mrs. A. McGinty; Mrs. H. Maschman; Mr. J. Ryle; Mrs. Bigley; Mr. J. Pfeiffer; Mr. J. Manning; Mr. A. Overbeke; Mr. C. Gronske; Mr. J. Burns; Mrs. W. Connolly; Miss J. Moore; Mrs. B. Hafey; Mrs. J. Reilly; Mrs. A. Sieghardt; Mr. E. Glasser; Mrs. B. Hafey; Mrs. J. Reilly; Mrs. A. Sieghardt; Mr. E. Glasser; Miss Laura Wagner; Mrs. A. J. Springborn; Mr. Timothy O'Leary; Mr. John M. Young; Miss Isabell O'Hare; Mrs. Pauline Wettendorf; Dr. Edward A. Supple; Mr. Matthew M. Reilly; Mr. Robert A. Cox. Miss Bertha Daly; Mr. John Sullivan; Mr. Francis J. Halnan; Mr. D. J. O'Hayer; Miss Marguerite Balfe; Mr. Moresi; Mrs. T. J. Gibbons; Miss Catherine A. Kuper; Mrs. J. C. Folnner; Miss Mary Attridge; Mrs. B. Coyle; Mr. James T. Hughes; Mr. E. J. Cogan; Mrs. Hannahan; Miss Nell Kelly; Miss Ann O'Donnel]; Mrs. E. Harley; Mr. John V. O'Reilly; Mrs. Burns; Mrs. R. B. Woodcock; Mr. Edward Regan; Mrs. Helen Rose; Mr. Joseph Cullen; Mr. Wm. J. Gavin; Mr. Louis Devitt; Mr. H. W. Lane; Miss Charlotte Locke; Mr. Thomas Hallion; Miss Sara F. Martin; Mr. Richard Morrison; Miss Mae Sheridan; Mr. Wm. J. Sullivan; Mr. E. M. Kinney; Miss Bridget Maguire; Mr. James C. O'Donnell; Mrs. E. McRiney; Miss Bridget Maguire; Mr. James C. O'Donnell; Mrs. E. McRiney; Miss Bridget Maguire; Mr. James C. O'Donnell; Mrs. E. McRiney; Miss Bridget Maguire; Mr. James C. O'Donnell; Mrs. E. McRiney; Miss Bridget Maguire; Mr. James C. O'Donnell; Mrs. E. McRiney; Miss Bridget Maguire; Mr. James C. O'Donnell; Mrs. Margaret A. Milan; Miss M. T. Sewell; Mrs. Catherine Hopkinson; Mrs. Mary Backshedier; Mr. Ellsworth Smith; Mr. Jack Haire; Mr.

### MARYKNOLL MEMBERSHIP

Maryknoll has no mere subscribers to its magazine. Every person who enrolls by the payment of \$1 becomes a MARYKNOLL MEMBER

who enrolls by the payment of \$1 becomes a MARYKNOLL MEMBER for one year.

A PERPETUAL MEMBER makes payment of \$50, either immediately or in installments within a period of two years. A deceased person may be enrolled as a Pernetual Member.

A MARYKNOLL BENEFACTOR is one who has assisted to the extent of \$1,000 and becomes by this fact a Perpetual Member.

A MARYKNOLL FOUNDER is one who has provided a sum of \$5,000 or more; such a person also becomes a Perpetual Member.

### OFFSPRING OF FAITH

(Continued from page 17) instinctively brought up his gun. But the little Sister merely withdrew her hand as if from a caress and said quietly: "Be good, Hugo! Eat your dinner."

"Brave, isn't she?" I said to the soldier.

"She is good," he corrected simply. "She shows us what goodness is."

The soldier's answer reveals one of the great fruits of charity. It has always been so. In the third century, in 252 to be exact, there was a plague in Carthage; and Saint Cyprian led his little group of Christian followers to minister to the stricken, many of whom were bitter enemies of Christ. The Carthaginians, possessors though they were of all the culture of the Roman world, were aghast in wonderment.

"What is this idea of life of which we have never dreamed?" they asked.

And from this care of the suffering was born a movement toward the Church.

Another expression of Georges Goyau sums all this up very neatly: "Le bien fraie les voies au vrai."-"The good opens the road to the true."

### THE GHOST ON THE BRIDGE

(Continued from page 11) knees drawn up under his chin, the saliva from his lips frozen on his beard, and his fingers tightly clutching the rosary. He should not have come out such a night."

"What!" Matthias interjected indignantly. "Not come out, and the priest coming?"

"But you might easily have frozen to death."

"Nonsense!" said Matthias. Then getting back to business, "Father, you'll anoint me this time."

I did anoint him a few hours later. I had to. We had a "solemn-high sick call of the first class" if there ever was one.

Matthias in his padded togs and fly-cage hat—that kept his topknot in place-squatted on his heels in the front of the chapel; thirty Christians, solemnly thumbing their beads, knelt behind the old patriarch; the catechist's fouryear-old son sprawled on Matthias's lap when he wasn't crawling up his back. (We tried to disentangle the infant from the ceremony but failed.) Matthias himself was grave, grateful, satisfied; his one desire all but fulfilled.

I left next day, and Matthias went home. What happened? Some distracted or overworked and weary angel got the names or dates or addresses mixed up.

The next time, and every time for the next five years, that I came down that lonely stretch of road past the devil house to the little bridge, there was Matthias's ghost huddled up, with the icicles on his whiskers and the beads between gnarled fingers and not a move out of him. An hour later, Matthias in the flesh would be wrapping those fingers about my wrist and giving me a grand welcome and saving: "Thanks be to God, I've lived to see the priest again!"

But, as I started out to say, now there is only the ghost.

# **TEACHERS**

THERE ARE SHELVES FULL OF BOOKS on the Orient. They are charming, beautifully printed and bound, enlivened with interesting pictures. They tell the truth as far as they go, but they leave out the most important thing in the Orient—Christianity.

THERE ARE CATHOLIC TEACHERS who would like to bring in the missions and their work, when conducting a Unit of Study on the Orient, but they lack information on the subject.

FREE TO TEACHERS: Material for such a Unit of Study will be ready within a few weeks. It will be suitable for Grade VI and up, but can easily be adapted to the needs of younger children.

Mail this coupon today.

Please send me FREE MATERIAL regarding a Unit of Study.

Му	address	 		 
		 I	teach	 Grade

My name

at school.

MISSION-TIME Maryknoll P. O., New York

# A LIST OF CATHOLIC SCHOOLS SCHOOLS FOR BOYS.

University of Dayton, Dayton, Ohio Mt. St. Mary's College & Eccl. Sem., Emmitsburg, Md.

Sacred Hearts Academy,

No. Fairhaven, Mass. Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass. St. Michael's College, Winooski Park, Vt. St. Aloysius Academy for Boys, West Chester, Pa.

### COLLEGES AND ACADEMIES FOR GIRLS-

Trinity College, Washington, D. C. St. Xavier College,

4928 Xavier Pk., Chicago, III.
Barat College & Academy of Sacred
Heart, Lake Forest, III.

Rosary College, River Forest, III. St. Joseph's College, Emmitsburg, Md. Maryville College, Meramec St. &

Nebraska Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Mt. St. Mary's College, Hooksett, N. H.
Georgian Court College, Lakewood, N.J.
The College of St. Rose, Albany, N. Y.
College of Mt. St. Vincent-on-Hudson,
N. Y. C.

Marymount College & School,

Tarrytown-on-Hudson, N. Y.
Seton Hill College, Greensburg, Pa.
Rosemont College, Rosemont, Pa.
Academy of Our Lady of Mercy,

Milford, Conn.

Junior College and Academy of the Immaculate Conception, Oldenburg, Ind. Marycliff Academy,

Arlington Heights, Mass. Mt. St. Joseph Academy, Brighton, Mass. Sacred Hearts Academy,

No. Fairhaven, Mass.
Academy of the Sacred Heart,
Fall River, Mass.

Jeanne d'Arc Academy, Milton, Mass.
Academy of the Visitation,

5448 Cabanne Ave., St. Louis, Mo. Saint Vincent Academy, 226 W. Market St., Newark, N. J.

Academy of St. Joseph, Brentwood, N. Y. St. Clare's School, Hastings-on-Hudson, Mount Hope, N. Y. Academy of the Holy Child Jesus, 630 Riverside Drive, N. Y. C.

630 Riverside Drive, N. Y. C. Academy of The Holy Child, Suffern, N.Y. Our Lady of Mercy Academy, Syosset, Long Island, N. Y.

Mater Misericordiae Academy,
Merion (Phila.), Pa.
Villa Maria Convent,

Montreal, Quebec, Canada St.-Ann-on-the-Lake Academy, West Palm Beach, Fla.

### SCHOOLS OF NURSING-

St. Camillus School of Training.

Gull Road, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Santa Rosa Infirmary, School of

Nursing, San Antonio, Tex.

# NOTRE DAME OF MARYLAND CHARLES STREET ::: BALTIMORE

Catholic College for Women conducted by the School Sisters of Notre Dame, Academic Department—High School Course of College Preparatory Grade, Elementary Department, Music, Art, Physical Culture. For Catalogue address: The Secretary.

### **ADDRESSES**

### The Maryknoll Fathers

Central Administration and Major Seminary, Maryknoll P.O., N. Y.

Maryknoll Novitiate, Bedford, Mass. Maryknoll College, Clarks Summit, Pa. Maryknoll Junior Seminaries:

Akron, Ohio, 1075 W. Market St. Cincinnati, Ohio, 6700 Beechmont Ave, Detroit, Mich., 9001 Dexter Blvd. Mountain View P.O., Calif. St. Louis, Mo., 4569 W. Pine Blvd.

Houses of Study:

Hong Kong, Maryknoll House, Stanley Rome, Italy, Via Sardegna, 83

Honolulu, T.H., 1701 Wilder Ave. Los Angeles, Calif., 222 S. Hewitt St. Manila, P.I., St. Rita's Hall New York City, 121 E. 39th St. San Francisco, Calif., 1492 McAllister St. San Juan Bautista, Calif. Seattle, Wash., 1603 E. Jefferson St.

### Missions: Central Addresses

For Fushun missioners: Catholic Mission, Fushun, Manchukuo

For Kaying missioners: Catholic Mission, Kaying, via Swatow, China

For Kongmoon missioners: Catholic Mission, Kongmoon, Kwangtung Province, China

For Kweilin missioners: Catholic Mission, Kweilin, Kwangsi Province, China

For Kyoto missioners: Maryknoll, Kyoto, Japan

For Chosen missioners: Catholic Mission, P.O. Box 23, Heijo, Chosen.

For Wuchow missioners: Catholic Mission, Wuchow, Kwangsi Province, China

# The Maryknoll Sisters Central Addresses

Motherhouse and Administration: Maryknoll, N. Y.

Hawaii: 1508 Alexander St., Honolulu Japan: Higashi Takeyamachi, Sakyoku, Kyoto, Japan

Chosen: Catholic Mission, 257 Sangsukuri, Box 23, Heijo, Chosen.

Manchukuo: Catholic Mission, Dairen Pacific Coast: 425 South Boyle Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

Philippines: St. Mary's Hall, Manila South China: Waterloo Road, Kowloontong, Hong Kong

# MARYKNOLL WANT ADS

### BUILDINGS WANTED

Double Sexterte of native Korean Sisters in Heijo is ready for work, but has no convents. Six are needed, at \$250 each.

Refugee Influx at Wanfau (Kongmoon Vicariate) makes necessary a church at that village, but \$1,000 is needed.

MINOR ILLS could be treated at T'ung An (Kweilin) if the priests had a dispensary. \$200 will build one.

STUDY HALLS for children of the Kyoto neighborhood (see page 12) bring many little ones to Christ. \$250 will keep one going.

### HELP WANTED

WHITE-PLAGUE VICTIMS (tuberculars, to you) are being cared for by Kyoto's Mission. They need much help, but will welcome even a small offering.

Not a Roof—but three of the chapel roofs in cold Manchukuo need repairing. \$100 will do the three jobs.



Pity the farmers in six of Kweilin's villages: they have no chapel, \$100 will build one.



No chapel but a fine group of Christians are near Szewong in Wuchow. \$300 will build the House of God like this one for them.

How Long could you live on \$50? A native Sister in Kongmoon could do nicely for a year on that—there are 10 of them.

School Has Started in Kaying Mission, but the number of pupils has grown, and 10 more schools (\$200 each) are needed.

### **OPPORTUNITIES**

OLD BLIND PEOPLE—men and women at Gishu, Korea—and there are 20 of them—need \$5 a year for their support. A worthy investment!

Talk Is Cheap, but a loud speaker public-address system for the crowds at Watlam costs \$100. Help the pastor spread the gospel.

LEPER CHILDREN often come to Antung's dispensary in Manchukuo looking for treatment. \$150 a year will enable the workers to relieve many ills.

A YEAR'S SALARY—\$150—is needed by each of 100 catechists in Bishop Ford's Mission. Can you care for one?

The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll P.O., N.Y.



GOING FISHING? Some men fish for deep-sea bass, while others go for mountain trout. Our Lord was interested in fishing, too. Once He surprised a small group of professional fishermen by telling them: "I will make you to become fishers of men." . . . Today there are one billion one hundred seventy million who know not Christ because too few "fishers of men" have taken up fishing in the sense that Christ meant.

